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THE  
LIFE AND CONFESSIONS  
OF  
**DANIEL DAVIS FARMER,**

WHO WAS EXECUTED AT AMHERST, N. H.

ON THE 3<sup>d</sup> DAY OF JANUARY, 1822,

FOR THE MURDER OF THE

**WIDOW ANNA AYER,**

AT GOFFSTOWN, ON THE 4<sup>TH</sup> OF

APRIL, 1821,

TO WHICH IS ADDED

HIS

*Valedictory Address,*

AND SOME OF HIS CORRESPONDENCE

DURING HIS IMPRISONMENT.

—00\*00—  
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.  
—00\*00—

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AMHERST, N. H.  
PRINTED BY ELIJAH MANSUR.

1822.

7685.34  
No. 6

DISTRICT OF NEW-HAMPSHIRE, TO WIT:

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\* L. S. \*  
\* \* \* \* \*  
B E it remembered, that on the third day of January, in the forty-sixth year of the Independence of the United States of America, CHARLES RICHARDSON, and ELIJAH MANSUR, of the said District, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietor, in the words following:

"The life and confessions of Daniel Davis Farmer, who was executed at Amherst, N. H. on the third day of January, 1822, for the murder of the widow Anna Ayer, at Goffstown, on the 4th of April, 1821, to which is added his valedictory address and some of his correspondence during his imprisonment. Written by himself"

In conformity to an act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An act for the encouragement of learning by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the time therein mentioned."

WILLIAM CLAGETT,  
*Clerk of the District of New-Hampshire.*

A true copy of record,

Attest, WILLIAM CLAGETT, *Clerk;*

## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE former impression of the Life of FARMER having met a very rapid sale, and the demand of the public still continuing, the proprietors have been induced to issue a second edition. The correspondence in this edition is considerably enlarged. Some account of his behavior while in prison, with the particulars of his execution, thrown into the form of an appendix, have also been added. The interest which the public have manifested in the perusal of the former edition of this work, has encouraged the proprietors to enhance the value of this, by an improvement in the type and paper. Although the life of Farmer is not marked with the excentricities of character which are to be found in the biography of many in ancient times and even some of more modern date, which gives them an air of romance; yet the simplicity of his narration bears such marks of candor, that few who read it in connection with his correspondence, can reasonably doubt its truth. His feelings, as expressed in his letters and the religious confidence, composure, and firmness of behavior, both before and at the time of his execution, must impress the reader that "GOD, gave him strength sufficient for his day."

Amherst, January, 1822.

## REFLECTIONS.

IN our present mode of existence, human nature is subject to temptations and toils, and to err is the unfortunate lot of man. Man is often more atrocious in crimes, than is in the power of man to controul, or even to concieve; crimes, which none but God can prevent, and none but God, who is merciful, can forgive.

In the perusal of the code of criminal law in general, and of this state in particular, we find but few crimes, the perpetrators of which are punished with *Death*. Many of the learned, as well as the pious part of community have long doubted the necessity or expediency of this awful punishment. "They believe it contrary to the spirit, the principles, and the precepts of our Holy Religion. It must be acknowledged that the life of every individual is the gift of God, for purposes known to himself, and that man has not the right to dictate the manner or the time when that life shall be taken away from any individual of his fellow beings. "To err is human; to forgive, divine."

The subject of judgment and eternity, of everlasting happiness and eternal misery, rendered the worth of immortal souls unspeakably great, and their loss of the utmost consequence. The apostles were persuaded that the loss of one immortal soul could not be counterballanced by the sublunary good of the whole world. Under this impression, they had much rather die themselves, than protract their lives by cutting off from his probationary days, the most venomous aspidant that ever vexed the world. These were not animal feelings, but the feelings of hearts that had been renewed by grace, and taught by the words and examples of Christ, and the dictates of the Holy Spirit's inspiration.

The Gospel makes full provision for the peace and happiness of society, while it seems to prohibit the shedding of blood, as no ways necessary to the general good; because though such good may call for confinement and restraint, yet it never can demand the sacrifice of the best good of any one individual by the decision of any human tribunal, for such a sacrifice could not be counterballanced by all the civil and secular good of a nation. But our limits will not permit us to enlarge on this topic, and must here close, hoping that the awful example of the unfortunate FARMER, who is now cut off in the midst of his years, torn from the embraces of an affectionate companion, and the lisping fondness of a tender offspring, disappointing the fond hopes and expectations of his aged parents, to whom he had been a stay and support in their declining years, may be a profitable lesson to us all; and God grant that we may thereby be admonished to shun every evil practice, and especially that of intemperance, to which may be attributed the cause of the most horrid crimes that has ever disgraced human nature!

THE PUBLISHERS.



## LIFE, &c.

THE extremes only of character, whether good or bad, seem to attract public notice; my life therefore might have passed unnoticed, and my passage to the grave might have been soon forgotten, had not my last actions blackened my character with the foul crime of MURDER.

Having been solicited by my friends to leave a sketch of my life which should embrace my statement of the circumstances which led to the unhappy transaction which has ended the life of the unfortunate *Anna Ayer*, which I am about to expiate by the sacrifice of my own; and being sensible that my statements can in no way alleviate my sufferings or change the course of legal proceedings; I have so far complied with their wishes as to leave the following pages for their perusal when time with me is no more.

I was born March 28, 1793, at Derryfield, now Manchester, in the state of New-Hampshire. My parents were in low circumstances; with them I lived until 14 years of age. Nothing remarkable occurred to me during this period of my life uncommon to childhood in general, excepting a providential escape from drowning, having been precipitated into the water and passed down the *Amoskeag falls* in the *Merrimack River*, on the easterly side, through *Pulpit Bridge*, so called, and floated upon a rock and was taken up for dead, but was resuscitated. This accident happened while fishing and when about 13 years of age.

At the age of 14 years, I was let by my parents to live with Mr. John Keyes, of *Goffstown*, with him I lived about six months, then returned to my parents

and attended the winter school. I was then let again to the same Keyes and Mr. Joshua Ayer, the husband of the unfortunate *Anna Ayer*, to work with each one half the time during the summer season. From that time to *August 1813*, I labored in different places in *Goffstown*, during which time I was free from accident of any kind, except the loss of my fore finger from the second joint. This accident happened by chopping it off while making a wedge.

In the year 1813, I purchased a small tract of wild land in *Goffstown*, on which I erected a dwelling-house and barn, and in the same year was married to *ABIGAIL HACKET* of *Dunbarton*; by her I have four children, and with her my life has ever been happy. I lived on this farm until the year 1820, when I exchanged it for a small farm in *Manchester*, where I removed in December, of the same year. In 1819, while shingling a barn, I fell about fourteen feet which dislocated my right ancle, with which I was confined about three weeks. This is the only confinement I have experienced since my remembrance, until since my present imprisonment. From the time I was fourteen years of age until the time of my removal to *Manchester*, I have either lived in the family with, or a near neighbor to the unfortunate widow *Ayer*, and think I can with safety appeal to the inhabitants of that neighborhood in support of a good moral character during my whole life to that time, with the exception of a small incident which I think occurred in 1811. Two youngsters with myself entered into the project of taking, a few apples from a neighbors cellar. In the execution of our plan, we took from thence about one peck in all; we were however discovered by a person who gave information to the owner, who called on us and settled with us privately for four shillings each. Afterwards this same owner procured a warrant and caused my-

self and one of my companions to be arrested (the other eluded the officer) and kept us in custody until compelled to pay *twenty dollars* each, or expose ourselves to the disgrace of a public trial. The third person afterwards paid his twenty dollars without prosecution. Thus extorting from us the enormous sum of *sixty dollars*, after the affair had been amicably adjusted.

I have now arrived at that stage of my life which commences the history of my present troubles. As rivers originate from small streams, so my present flood of difficulties had their origin from a trifling circumstance. On a Sunday morning in the summer of 1820, the widow *Ayer* came to my house and said she was going to *Chester*, to be gone a few weeks, & requested me to cut a small lot of Grass of hers and put it into my barn; and that I might allow her what I should think it to be worth. On these conditions I engaged the cutting of the grass. The next day her father asked me if I expected to cut Anna's grass? I told him I did. He asked me if I would give her three dollars for it; said that she had left the care of it with him, and not to let any person have it under three dollars. On hearing this I told her father that I would not cut it. When the widow *Ayer* came home and found I had not cut her grass, she said I should be sorry for it. This did not worry me, as it was her common practice, when she was put out with her neighbors to threaten them with revenge. Little thought I at that time, that a difficulty so small would issue in events so awful and distressing. After this affair nothing material occurred until the month of January, 1821, when the delicate situation of the widow *Ayer* was made known to the selectmen of *Goffstown*; who, without taking into consideration the character of this woman, hastily advised her to fix upon the person who had been instrumental of her being in the situation in which she had de-



dared herself, that legal measures might be taken to indemnify the town from any further expense of pauperism than that of her own person, with which the town was already burthened. They procured her complaint to be made to a *Justice of the Peace*, and a warrant was issued by the Justice for my apprehension, on which I was arrested on the 29th day of the same January. After my arrest I was informed by one of the Selectmen that the affair might then be settled privately. I observed to him that I was innocent of the charge, and should not settle it privately. He then advised me to go to one other of the Selectmen which I accordingly did and was advised to get bonds as I could not get rid of it.—Being unable to procure sureties at that time, they agreed to let me go home on my promise to return on the following morning. I returned as I agreed, but was unable to procure any assistance. We remained at Capt. Hall's until afternoon, when I was informed by the officer that it must come to trial. We then went to the tavern for a more convenient place, and the widow Ayer was sent for, but she actually refused to come into court; and it was with much persuasion that she was prevailed upon to make her appearance. I was asked by the Justice, "Are you guilty or not guilty?" my reply was, "I am not guilty, which God knows to be true;" he said "half guilty" and made a record of it. I was then asked if I expected to give bail? After many unsuccessful applications, a person appeared who offered his assistance on condition of my giving him a deed of my farm, which I did. The bill of cost was then made out at \$10,34—which I was compelled to pay before I was allowed my liberty, after I had given bail as required. About fourteen days from this time I was at Hall's store, he informed me that the business was then in his hands, and I had better settle it before town-meeting as he did not expect to stand as Selectman



another year, and he thought I could settle with him better than with any other person. Being at that time anxious to rid myself of the difficulties that were upon me, and being assured by those who I considered my friends that I could not get clear of it as her oath, notwithstanding her reputation, would be sufficient to charge me; I did at that time offer to settle with him provided he would accept of such persons as I could procure. He mentioned but two he would accept, and those two he certainly must have known would not assist me, as they had frequently declared in his presence that they would have nothing to do with it. It remained in this situation until town-meeting, when Capt. Hall was again chosen Selectman. A short time after this I was again at Hall's store when he asked me, what I should do, and observed that it would be impossible for me to get clear of it, and unless settled he must carry it to court and I must pay the cost. At this time it was currently reported that the widow Ayer was not in the situation in which she had declared herself. I did not know the truth of it. Capt. Hall informed me that the Selectmen would meet on a certain day and would then ascertain, if possible, the truth of the report, and if I would meet them on the evening of that day, they would give me the information they should then have obtained. I accordingly went and was informed that Mr. Stevens had been to see her, and that she said "the Selectmen would find out by and by." So much being said about this affair, I determined to see her myself. I therefore called on her, but could get no satisfaction, for she refused to give me any answers whatever. I was not in the house more than ten minutes at this time, then returned home much dissatisfied with so much neglect in an affair that was made so much to concern me.

Happy should I be could I here stop and while

pausing, erase from my life the following particulars which blacken my character with crimes, for which my person is now excluded from society and soon to be banished from the land of the living. With the awful solemnities of *Eternity* before me, I now proceed with the remaining painful part of my history.

On the fatal 4th of April last, I started from home with the intention of going and talking with the widow Ayer, on the subject of her prosecution.— On my way, at WILLIAM P RIDDLE's store in *Bedford*, I concluded not to go as I intended. I purchased at the store a pint of rum and a few crackers, and started for home, not thinking of going to the widows that night. When I left the store, the sun was about half an hour high. I had not proceeded far, when I thought I would then go and see her and by treating her, I might find out what she intended by proceeding as she had. I accordingly proceeded to her house and arrived there about half an hour after dark. I knocked at the door which was fastened, and the widow herself let me in. I sat down with her and her daughter, and had some conversation with them, but nothing was said about her prosecution against me. I invited them to drink of the rum I had with me. The widow drank with me, and freely, as she was fond of it and drank to excess when she could procure it.

*Here before God and man, I solemnly disclaim any intention of endangering the life of the unfortunate widow Ayer. I was in good humor when I asked her to step to the door with me.*

Immediately on our going out, I asked her what she meant by swearing a child on me. On hearing these words she stopped. I told her I wished to know for I had now come for that purpose. She said the child belonged to a man in the neighborhood, and gave me his name, which from a regard to the feelings of his family and friends, I forbear

to mention. She said he had persuaded her to swear it on me in order to keep peace in the neighborhood, that when he first mentioned the thing to her, she wholly refused to do it until she had consulted with an aged female and a near connection, that her advise was to comply, as it would keep peace in the neighborhood, for the man was of such a temper that unless she complied, her life would be in danger. I told her she had taken wrong steps for peace. Her reply was that she did not care. No pen can describe my feelings on the discovery of this infernal plot and these infernal agents. In an instant my passion was raised to a height beyond description; quick as thought snatching a club as she started to go into the house, I pursued, struck and beat her. I then had no intention of injuring the girl, and have now no recollection of beating her; neither do I recollect that I dragged either of those persons out of doors, carried out the water, or set fire to the house or any thing in it that night. It has been stated that I did not conceal myself because I supposed that these persons with their dwelling were consumed to ashes. *But I solemnly protest that I never had such a thought.*— When I went out of the house the second time, I stopped at the door until it was shut by *Anna*, which could not be more than a minute. She then said "*That devilish Farmer has gone,*" and asked her mother to *get upon the bed.* I then rapped on the window on the fore side of the house. On hearing that they were still. I farried about ten or fifteen minutes, and then left the house, and had no idea that I had injured her so much as to be the cause of her death, *nor do I think that it would have been, had she not been a town-pauper.* Had fortune exchanged our situation and made me a subject of pauperism, *we might both have escaped an untimely death.* On my return home I reflected that I had done wrong.



and that I had not rendered good for evil.— It was then too late to recall what was past, but this continued to run in my mind; "*Her injury is not so great as mine.*"

Since my imprisonment, many unfounded reports have been in circulation, reports calculated to prejudice the public mind against me as well as my connection. It has been reported that when I went home I told my wife that I had killed the widow Ayer & her daughter, and set fire to the house and thought my bloody deeds would be concealed from the world; that I was the father of Anna Ayer, the daughter of the widow Ayer, and that I caused the death of Mr. Joshua Ayer, her late husband. It has also been reported that I have made many attempts to escape from prison, and that I have received the aid of my nearest relatives in these attempts, but was detected by the Gaoler. These reports were false and without foundation, the offspring of foolish hearts and lying tongues. Another report which probably received a more extensive circulation, having appeared in many of the public newspapers, and which most dwells on my mind, but would pass unnoticed by me at this time, had not the character of my wife been implicated by it; which is that my wife believing me guilty of an improper connection with the widow Ayer, had refused to eat with me at the same table. I cannot feel satisfied to leave the world without declaring in the most solemn manner, *that this report is false and unfounded.*

I feel it my duty to make a few remarks on the testimony given against me on my trial, as many facts were mistated. I hope the witnesses had no improper motives, but if their motives were wrong I freely forgive them, and pray that they may be forgiven of God. One witness testified that he was traveling with me towards Bald Hill, and that I began conversation with him about the wid-



ow Ayer, and that *I* said if *I* could catch her two rods from any body *I* would kill her, or that *I* would be dam'd if *I* did not kill her, but could not say which; that he cautioned me, &c. But the manner in which he testified is known to many individuals who were present at my trial, & *I* presume, indeed *I* hope not much credit was given to his testimony either by the Court or Jury. Last winter this witness & myself went to RIDDLE's store, in *Bedford*, with a load of hoop-poles, on our return home, *He* began to hector me about the widow Ayer, which was his common practice when we met. *I* told him *I* would kill her if *I* ever found her alone, for she had done more to me than if she had taken my life. He observed that if such a dirty creature should serve him so, he would knock her brains out, or words to that effect. This was conversation which passed at that time, but *I* affirm that *I* thought no more of it until the witness testified it before the magistrate—and after much questioning this witness verily reluctantly acknowledged that he did not think me in earnest at the time. Why should he have been willing to give my observations a meaning different from my intention or his own understanding at that time? Had this been a material fact as it might have been, what would have been the consequence had his examination closed where it seems he intended it should?

*I* feel it my duty also; to notice a few particulars in the testimony of the little girl, but do not wish to hurt the feelings of this youth, hoping that her mistatements were not wilfully made, and if she has erred, that she may be forgiven. In the course of her examination she was asked if there was a candle burning in the room when *I* came in; her answer was, *yes*. She was then asked what she was doing at that time, her reply was, *sewing*. When *I* went into the house there was a fire-light, but no

candle burning, and this girl was laying on the bed and observed that her head ached. I saw her do nothing while I was in except to get from the bed and set down in the corner. She further stated that after I went out with her mother, I came in first, and set my club in the corner; that after I had knocked her [the witness] down, and she had come to her senses, she lay still and see me tear cloth to pieces and set them on fire; that I then scattered them about the room and set fire to the chairs; and that when I had gone some distance from it, she put out the fire. All this may be true, but I here solemnly declare *that I have no knowledge or recollection of this transaction.*

The circumstances of my arrest, trial and condemnation are already known to the public, and therefore need not be repeated here *I therefore conclude, hoping that I shall be enabled to meet death with resignation, and at last be made happy to all eternity.*

DANIEL D. FARMER.

*Amherst Gaol, December 30, 1821.*

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### VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

*Fellow Mortals:*

Viewing the solemn and awful scene before me, which will shortly sever my soul from its present tabernacle of clay and remove me from the once tender embraces of my dear companion and tender offspring; from all intercourse with society and the world, and launch me into a never ending eternity, looking with an eye of faith on the blessed SAVIOUR, with full confidence that his blood can cleanse from all sin, even those of the deepest die, I can through his merits, with resignation say, *here Lord, I give myself up, it is all I can do.*

Our blessed SAVIOUR made it his duty to submit to the powers that be, and to be patient in tribulation; and shall I, who am but a worm of the dust, murmur at the dispensations of DIVINE PROVIDENCE? Surely not.

Standing, as it were, on the borders of two worlds, before that God, who is the searcher of all hearts, *I declare as a dying man that I am innocent of any unlawful intercourse or connection with that unhappy woman, whose death, while in the height of passion I have been instrumental of.* It is true, that in an unguarded moment, while under the influence of an intoxicating draught, I was left to commit a crime which by the laws of the country has forfeited my life. But I protest until my last breath, that I never intended to take or even endanger life of the widow Ayer or her daughter,

I feel it my duty to state that some of the witnesses who testified at my trial, mistated some verry important facts. I do not wish to charge any of the witnesses with unfair motives, but rather that they were mistaken. But I forgive them, and hope that they may be brought to acknowledge their sins and be forgiven of God.

I am aware that undue prejudices to an unwarrantable degree have been imbibed against me; but I hope they had no influence on those to whom my cause was committed. I am confident had they known my heart, they never would have pronounced me guilty of wilful murder. God only knows my heart, and it is by HIM that I am shortly to be judged.

I cannot feel satisfied to leave this sinful world, without cautioning Magistrates against *hasty* and *rash* proceedings. When complaints are made, of any kind, they ought to take into consideration the nature of the offence, the character of the person complaining, as well as that of the person complained of, especially where the oath of the complainant alone,



without any corroborating circumstances, is sufficient to charge a man with a crime that will destroy his reputation abroad and his peace at home. I have no doubt, that if those who had the management of the prosecution of the widow Ayer against me, had proceeded with a little more caution and delayed their proceedings but a few days, they would have been satisfied her charge against me was false, and we might both have escaped an untimely death. I would also caution all against INTemperance, the baneful effects of which are indescribable and to which, in a great measure, I must impute my present sufferings. My passions, like many others, are too hasty and ungovernable, but had I avoided ARDENT SPIRIT, I am satisfied that notwithstanding the injury I had received, I never should have committed the crime for which I am about to suffer, and for which I must soon answer for to a HOLY and JUST God. O beware young men, avoid this pernicious practice as the sure road to destruction.

I feel it my duty here to remark, that I have received many favors from the citizens of AMHERST, for which I tender them my sincere thanks. I should do injustice to my feelings, should I omit to acknowledge the great obligations I am under to the SHERIFF of this county, and the prison keeper and his family, for the lenity, kindness and indulgence I have uniformly received during my long imprisonment; that they have not at this inclement season, loaded me with irons, but have allowed me the privilege of comfortable apartments with suitable fires; have indulged me with opportunities of joining in prayer, and conversing with such of the CLERGY and others as have been disposed to call on me. I would also mention my obligations to the several CLERGYMEN who have visited me, and particularly the REV. MR. LORD, whose labors with



me have been incessant. O may God reward them all.

I have now only to add that I wait the sentence of the law, and at its completion can say, *GOD'S will be done.*

DANIEL D. FARMER.

*Amherst Gaol, January 3, 1822.*

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### CORRESPONDENCE.

*To DANIEL D. FARMER.—Prisoner in Amherst, under sentence of death for Murder.*

#### UNHAPPY FELLOW-CREATURE:

To describe all the disagreeable feelings and painful sensations which your unhappy situation has occasioned me would be too much for me to write or you to read; suffice it therefore to say, that in every stage, from the fatal night of the fourth of April last, to the present time, I have viewed you with the utmost commiseration. When I saw the place of carnage, the bloody house and bed of the poor victim, her garments rolled in blood, yea, the fatal club, the stone, and all the blood-besmeared weapons of death; although I viewed the crime with the utmost abhorrence, yet my pity flowed to the unhappy perpetrator, who had been so far led astray by the instigation of the Devil, and his own depraved heart, as to commit a crime that would deprive him of every comfortable enjoyment in life, and perhaps bring him to an untimely death.

When apprehended and examined before the Justice, how pitiable was your case! 'burthened with guilt, no comfortable prospect to support you, but a certain fearful looking for of judgement and fiery indignation of the Law, which ever stands ready to devour its adversary.

When I saw the corpse of her whose death stam-

ped your crime with the hue of murder, my grief for you was rather augmented than lessened;—why my compassion is so fixed upon you, that no circumstance has yet been able to remove it, I cannot tell, but so it is.

When you were brought to Hopkinton, to plead to your indictment, when you were in the carriage, with your fellow-prisoners, my eyes in pity, were so fixed upon you, that *I* do not recollect even the countenance of one of the others—my bowels yearned for the man who, in an unguarded moment, had exchanged every thing dear to him in this life, for a state of wretchedness, disgrace and deep regret. I viewed you to be so sensible of the loss you had sustained, that you would freely give the whole world (were you possessed of it) to recover it again, & bring all things back as they were before the fatal night above mentioned; but all in vain! time past is gone forever.

Previous to your trial, my mind often visited your dreary abode at Amherst, and many times pictured to myself, not only the situation of your body but of your mind—I longed to visit you, and to have the pleasure of seeing the tear of penitence and repentance unto life. *I* have viewed your situation to be such, that there was no peace for you without a true and hearty repentance towards God, against whom you had sinned; for even in case of your acquittal on trial, without repentance, and having your peace made with God, you would be quite unhappy, & probably a fugitive and vagabond in the earth—But Oh! Sir; *I* hope better things of you, things that make for your eternal peace, even repentance unto life, never to be repented of. *I* understand that your trial is past, and all your hopes of acquittal are swept away by the dreadful sentence of the law. *I* was not present, personally, at your trial, but my mind was not an idle spectator—and when I heard of the trial and final decision, although *I* pitied the Jury, who, con-

trary to their sympathetic feelings, were obliged by law and evidence to give a verdict of '*Guilty*;' altho' *I* pitied the dear Judge, who, notwithstanding his soul was filled with compassion for you, was compelled by Law to pronounce the dreadful sentence; yet these marks of sympathy for them, are less than nothing when compared with what *I* felt for the unhappy fellow-being, upon whom the sentence was pronounced—my nerves shared largely in that debilitating tremour which unavoidably seized your whole frame when hearing your doom. Thus *I* have followed you with unabating compassion, thro' every scene, until the law, which knows no mercy, has fixed your earthly destiny. And now unfortunate creature! what can *I* say to comfort you?

Altho' our executive authority can pardon, yet *I* would not advise you to rest on such a hope, nor a hope of escaping from prison; such hopes may fail you—But, O! is there no hope for you? Is there no arm that can reach Salvation to you? Is there no Ark of safety, no hiding place, no city of refuge to which you can flee from the avenger of blood? *I* believe sir, there is hopes concerning you. *I* shall point you to the LORD JESUS CHRIST, who came into the world to save not only sinners, but the chief of sinners. Throw yourself upon the mercy of the God of Heaven; bend the knee before him; beg for a penitent heart; implore his forgiveness for CHRIST sake. O disconsolate man! be not afraid to trust the compassionate Saviour—Fly, O Daniel, fly to the arms of him, who says, "come unto me all you that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." Fly to him who said to the penitent thief under the sentence of death, "To day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Fly to him who said to the woman condemned by the law to be stoned to death, "neither do *I* condemn thee, go and sin no more." Fly to him who prayed for murderers, even those who



were murdering himself, and said, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." O fly to the sin pardoning Saviour, whose forgiving spirit caused the Martyr Stephen to pray for those who were then maliciously stoning him to death, that that sin might not be laid to their charge. O sir, Christ is called the sinners' friend—if you ever had need of such a friend, it is now—when all earthly friends fail you for want of power. All power in Heaven and Earth is in CHRIST's hands—how suitable then to your present case is such a friend! He can pardon the greatest sins, yea, blood-guiltiness, as in the case of King David! He has power to bring about your earthly pardon by influencing the minds of those who have power to do it—and I have no doubt Sir, that if His Excellency and Hon. Council should be convinced that it was their duty to pardon you, their compassionate souls would leap for joy to discharge that duty. O then be persuaded to trust this Almighty Friend, for every thing you need for time and eternity. But O, Sir, I would not forget to tell you that there can be no forgiveness without repentance; but where there is repentance and Godly sorrow for sin, there is forgiveness as sure as *God is God*. If you feel hardness of heart, and are grieved for it, go to this Almighty Friend, he can give you humility and penitence, yea he is exalted a prince and a Saviour to give repentance and remission of sins. Be much in prayer to God, dear sir. Do not despair of mercy. Be humble, be patient, attempt not suicide, but wait the appointed time, you know not what a God of compassion may do.

Farewell, for the present—I long to see you in better circumstances. May the Lord take care of your dear family, and grant you all needed grace, whether in life or death, and if it be his will, that you should die pursuant to the sentence now upon you, may the all compassionate Saviour be with you



in your last earthly scene, and say to you as he did to the dying thief on the cross, "To day shalt thou be with me in *Paradise*." and that you, like the penitent thief, may have grace to ask to be remembered in Christ's Kingdom, is the sincere prayer of your unworthy friend,

JOHN GOULD.

*Dunbarton, Nov. 20, 1821.*

*P. S. Please to write a few lines to me if you can, after you receive this—I want to know the state of your mind.*

—○○○○○—

To JOHN GOULD, Esq.

MY FRIEND:

I have taken my pen in hand by your request, in your letter which I received Dec. 15. As you wish to know the state of my mind, I will grant your request, by the help of God, as he is now my only friend. After I had my trial and was condemned to death by the laws of man, it seemed to melt my heart, I knew I was a sinner in the sight of God, and deserved his wrath. I was visited by the REV. MR. LORD, and he gave me good advise. I accepted it as a blessing sent from HEAVEN to me. I fell on my knees begging for mercy and the prayers of all christian people; it appeared to me that their prayers would be heard and granted on my behalf. I was sensible that I was a poor dependant creature, and that I must be miserable if God should forsake me as I had him. I continued in this state of mind for five weeks or more, when I was advised by my friends to make a written statement of all that had passed between me & the unfortunate widow *Ayer* and those that had injured me. I then took that in hand, which drew my mind from the one thing needful, I cannot express my feelings at that time, when I heard the stories that were circulated, and reflected on the injuries I had received, I was driven to de-

spair; it appeared to me the people were anxious to see me swing, but I had determined that they should be disappointed.

I was advised by MR. LORD, to throw writing aside and forget the injuries I had received, and think only of the injuries and sins I had committed against a HOLY and JUST GOD, and see if I could justify myself before him, as I must shortly go to him, according to all human appearance, and there be judged by him that will judge the whole earth, *and do us no wrong.*

Such was the state of my mind for about three weeks. I declared openly I never would make my exit on the gallows. How thoughtless I was. I was told the danger I was in and *what* must be my misery if I pursued this course. I was at a stand for several days and could not rest day nor night. But thanks to God, I have been enabled to cast all those evil thoughts away and place my hopes on that blessed SAVIOUR, who has promised to be the sinners' friend.

The thoughts of leaving my family has been on my mind, to think *I* must leave them in this manner; but when I think of CHRIST's sufferings, and not for any evil he had done, for he was without sin; he suffered all this for me, and not only me, but all lost sinners, and all that will look to him and believe on him, *I* believe he will in no ways cast off—on him I trust my soul, guilty as it is. The thoughts of leaving my family are the only worldly thoughts that I now have; but God has promised to be a *Father* and a *Husband*; in his hands I leave my family, and may God have mercy on them; "he will have mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth." If I perish, it shall be at the feet of CHRIST on bended knees, begging for mercy.

I now feel a heart to forgive all who have sworn false against me, as I solemnly declare before God

and my country, that some have. I do not justify myself in doing as I have, I have done wrong, and O! how I have suffered for it, what a cruel act I have had to reflect on, which hurried that unhappy wretch into eternity to appear before her God, and me into the deepest *gloom, misery and remorse*.— This unfortunate woman was hurried from her cottage as the whirlwind carries the leaves from the trees, all in a rage, not by any thing premeditated. May this be a warning for all people to govern their passions and return good for evil. Oh, think on CHRIST, how he prayed for his enemies, “Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.” O, if I could recall that fatal night, but alas! it is too late. But is there no hopes yet, now all my earthly friends have failed me? Believe on the LORD JESUS CHRIST, who came into the world to save sinners, and the chief of sinners, of which I am. The blood of CHRIST cleanseth from all sin, and on him I trust my soul guilty as it is. No man can hide me from the all-searching eye of God.

I have thus stated to you, as it was your request, the state of my mind, and I pray God to strengthen and comfort me the few days I have to stay here, and that he will be with me in the hour of death.— And I beg of God to strengthen me with a good hope, and may my doom be the means of saving many souls, bringing them from nature's darkness, into marvelous light, and may God have mercy on us all. I send you my thanks for the respect you have shown me and the good advice you gave me in your letter, and may God reward you for it.

I must bid you a final and affectionate farewell.

DANIEL D. FARMER.

Amherst Gaol, Dec. 18, 1821.

+++++ To Mrs. E. GOODEN. +++++

MY FRIEND:

I have set down by your request, to let you know



the state of my mind, and you cannot but expect it is with a heavy heart. My mind for past weeks has been very unsteady; I have been very unwell, but thank God I am now in good health, and feel able with the help of the SUPREME BEING, to go to the Throne of Grace for mercy. I feel willing, and do give up all to the *Lord Jesus Christ*, and that is all I can do; I have nothing else to give him but sin; I cannot say that I have ever done one good deed, but have always lived in rebellion against that *Holy GOD*, who has been so good to me all the days of my life up to this time. The REV. MR. CHEVER came to visit me last night; he asked me if I wished to have prayers offered by him, and what I wished him to pray for. I requested prayers for my never dying soul. I did not wish any person to pray for my life, my soul is the one thing needful in my pitiful situation. O, I beg the prayers of all christian people, and may *God* hear and grant them on my behalf. My sleep has left me, and my great concern is, what I shall do to be saved.

Mr. CHEVER has promised to visit me again this night, O may God reward him for the same. I think his coming will not be in vain. O may God reward all the Ministers for their pains towards my welfare. Mr. LORD is absent now, he was here yesterday morning. I do not expect to see him again until Saturday. He has been faithful to me, more so than I could expect; but a few weeks ago I told him I did not wish to see any body; he asked me if I did not wish to see him; I told him I liked to have him come and see me, but I told him a lie, for at that time I did not wish to see any person. Now I stand in need of his visits and his prayers, they are a great blessing to me as he knows what I stand in need of, and how to ask for my needs which makes me think his assistance is a blessing to me. O. I think God will reward him for it, it is not in



my power, although my will is good. I have cast all my troubles upon God; when troubles arise in my mind, I go to him and on him I lean; he is able to protect or destroy.

I send you my love and good wishes, hoping we shall obtain that great reward. I should like to talk with you now, when you was here I could not, my troubles were so great and you cannot wonder if they were. I must leave you, but not without the hopes of spending an Eternity together, when we shall have all our wants supplied. I thank you for the trouble you have taken for my welfare, and I beg of God to grant us our requests that we ask for, such as are necessary for our future happiness. I want to write more but my time is precious to me now, I must bid you farewell.

DANIEL D. FARMER.

*Amherst Gaol, Dec. 27, 1821.*

To his WIFE.

*My dear earthly Companion:*

I have taken my pen in hand for the last time, to let you know that I am as well as you can expect in my present situation, and blessed be God for the same. I hope these lines will find you and my tender children enjoying the same blessing in a land of liberty.

I cannot express my love and feelings towards you as I ought.— O ABIGAIL, my lamp is about spent! O how hard is my doom. O that horrid night! what would I give if I could but recall that horrid deed.— But alas, not one moment can I recall. O my dear Partner, the golden hours that we have spent together are gone; to think of them and to think how soon we must part, O how cutting it is to the heart.— What can I say to comfort you in your affliction. O my young and tender Children, what will become of them? O how my bowels yearn for them; what will become of them, God only knows. I hope they will not come to such an untimely end as their Father is about to come to. O that poor unfortunate woman! her false swearing has been the cause of her death; had she spoken the truth, perhaps she might now be in the land of the living, and myself at home with my family, which are in great distress without a Father to guide and protect them; but I hope not without friends. O my dear Partner, has not God promised to be a Father, a Husband, and the sinners' friend? O put all your trust in this Friend, he is infinitely able and willing. Beg of God to support you by his grace, for he is able to comfort and support you in all your trials. I hope your whole confidence is in God, and him alone, as he is as able as he is willing; on him I trust as all earthly friends have failed me.

O my Partner, to be thus cut off from the land of the living, is cutting to the heart, but if it shall be the means of saving my soul from that fire which is never quenched and where the worm dieth not, what a happy circumstance it will be. What is a little pain here in this world, compared with an eternity of misery? O think of eternity, keep that in view and abhor sin.

O my dear Partner, were it not for you and my dear children, why should I wish to live? I wish you to visit me once more, my troubles are great and I see no way to escape this awful punishment. I shall compose myself, and you must do the same; God's will be done, not ours. I want you to give me an answer as soon as you conveniently can by a letter, and come and bid me a final adieu until we meet at the bar of God. Farewell, and may God grant you all you need both here and hereafter.

DANIEL D. FARMER.

Amherst Gaol, Dec. 12, 1821.

+++++  
*My dear and affectionate Husband—*

I take pen in hand with a broken and bleeding heart for you. I would inform you that I am well and our children and friends are all well excepting your mother, and she is very unwell. Her trouble is great as well as mine. Your friends are all in the greatest agony for you now in your distress; we all have very tender feelings for you, but cannot help you; were it in our power to do it, how happy should I be. I know not what to write to comfort you in your distress; resign yourself up to God; he is able to protect you from all harm. Mourn not for me nor our children; cannot you leave us on the mercies of God—kind and tender connections and friends? There is not one of my neighbors but what has been kind to me, and seem to pity us now in the days of our trouble, and would do any thing in their power for us. You mention the reports that are circulated concerning you; but give yourself no uneasiness concerning them, for I am satisfied that you never had any thing to do with that woman in the way that it has been laid to your charge.

I hope you are in good health, and humble and submissive to the will of God. I shall come and see you as soon as I can,—Good by.

ABIGAIL FARMER.

Manchester, Dec. 17, 1821.

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 [The following letter was not received by the Publishers until after the first edition was published. In this letter he adverts to the circumstance of his attempting to destroy his life which is mentioned in the Appendix, and was written the second day after the last attempt was made.]

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 To Mrs. MERRILL.

DEAR SISTER

I have set down to write to you and let you know that I am well and may I thank God for the same. I hope these few lines will find you and your family in the same state of health,

My Dear Sister—After you left me you cannot tell what a night I had: I did not eat nor sleep. I cannot state to you what I wanted; but I was deceived—I cannot but thank God for saving my life and

showing me the danger *I* was in. *I* feel a good hope now; yesterday was the happiest day that ever *I* had in all my life. *I* have no fear about my body now, my soul is the one thing needful. *I* can write nothing more only mourn not for me, mourn for your own soul. *I* should be glad to talk with you once more; but do not rest 'till you are prepared to die, and then you are fit to live.

The time of my departure draws nigh; *I* know not what a shock *I* may yet have, but God is able and willing to protect me from all harm. *I* want you to write to me—Good by.

**DANIEL D FARMER**

Amherst Gaol, Dec. 27, 1821.

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To His BROTHERS & SISTERS.

*My dear Brothers and Sisters:*

The time draws near for my departure from this world of vanity and from all my earthly friends; but the thoughts of death strikes me with no dread—God will support me. It is my earnest desire that you would look to God, now in these trying hours, he is able to support, to take all evil thoughts from your mind and give you a spirit of prayer, and a feeling of forgiveness towards your fellow mortals; but for these things you must ask by earnest prayer, and I beg of God to grant you these things.

Oh, my dear Brothers and Sisters, I beg of God to have mercy on us. I can do nothing for you but pray for your never dying souls. I cannot express the anxiety which I feel, lest you should suffer your souls to sink down into eternal misery; and if they are lost, you yourselves certainly will be the cause of it, and not God, for God has said, "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but rather that he turn and live," and God will not lie. I have but three days on earth to dwell—I beg of God to have mercy on our never dying souls—farewell

**DANIEL D. FARMER.**

Amherst Gaol, Dec. 31, 1821

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To his MOTHER.

**MY DEAR MOTHER:**

Your child has set down as one that is on the borders of Eternity, and only a step between him and death. I would inform you that my health is as good as you can expect now in my situation. My mind is calm and serene, the thoughts of death strikes no dread to me.—What can create such feelings? The only concern that I have now is to know what I shall do to please God. I wish to serve him the few days I have to stay here on earth; I deliver myself up to him as a poor lost sinner, that is all I can do; I know Christ is the only way for us to come to God, and on him I trust my soul guilty as it is. There is no name given under Heaven, nor in Heaven, for poor sinners to come to God, only by the Lord Jesus Christ; and I do believe if we confess and forsake them, he will in no wise cast off. I beg of you now in these trying hours to look to God for strength; he will support you in all your troubles, and there is no one else that I can commend you to. You must remember that you must shortly follow your child, and if you are prepared to die it will be only gain, that you may go to that blessed God; how kind he has been to us to let his only Son die for us, that if we would comply with his offers we should not taste the sea-



and death. I can write nothing to comfort you but the goodness of this blessed God, and he is all in all. I hope you will not lay this trouble that your child has brought upon you and himself, so much to heart as to shorten your days; it seems hard to suffer in this way, but know not what a good God will bring about by it. It may be the means of saving many lost and perishing souls, and why should I not suffer this death if it should only be the means of saving my own soul. If I had escaped this punishment, I might have been taken suddenly from the world without asking any forgiveness, and I cannot but thank God that I am in this place and for his kindness in preserving me to the present time. O give GOD the thanks. I want to write more, but time will not allow it—I commend you to God, as I am a dying man, and may God Almighty have mercy on our precious souls. You will have my prayers without ceasing, as long as there is breath in me.

I must bid you a final and affectionate farewell,

DANIEL D. FARMER.

Amherst Gaol, Jan. 1, 1822.

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[The two following letters were written on the day of his execution, and but a few hours before he was taken from the Prison. It will be seen by the originals, now in the hands of the Publishers, on comparing with his former letters that they bear no marks of an agitated mind, or a trembling hand.]

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To Mrs, MERRILL—

MY DEAR SISTER:

The fatal day has arrived. I have had a comfortable night.

My Dear Sister—my mind is calm—what can make me feel so composed? Death strikes no dread to me now.

I send my love to you for the last time, hoping we shall meet where trouble cannot come—Fare you well—This is from your brother who must be launched into Eternity in a few hours—not more than three hours—Good bye,

DANIEL D. FARMER,

Amherst Gaol, Jan. 3, 1822;

~~~~~  
To his WIFE.

MY DEAR PARTNER:

This is the last day that your partner will exist on earth, I send my love to you—I feel calm and serene—I wish you well, and must bid you farewell, hoping we shall meet once more where trouble cannot come. I leave you with the Lord—SEEK HIM.

DANIEL D. FARMER.

Amherst Gaol, Jan. 3, 1822.

## APPENDIX.

**MURDER** is a crime that justly deserves the disgrace and the execration of mankind. It fills the mind with horror, strikes at the root of all society, eradicates the finer feelings of friendship, and introduces envy, hatred, malevolence and revenge among men.

As we find the murderer guilty of the foulest of crimes, so we attach to him the most savage appearance, and ascribe to him the basest of feelings. We expect to find him avoiding the open look of society and friendship, and seeking retirement as more congenial to his nature; more happy in solitude, although haunted by the tedious ghosts of his own reflections. We look for the wildness, the ferocity and the fierceness of the Tiger, with the stare of the *Maniac*, and the visage of a *Demon*. As we see him thus, the disgrace of human nature, so we consider him void of all those reflections and feelings which go to constitute man superior and more happy than the brute. We think him possessed of a soul continually harrassed with the consciousness of his guilt, and his imagination filled with avengers of his crimes; frightened with the shaking of a leaf in the bustle of society, and haunted with the silence of solitude when alone; a stranger to ease, and associated with woe. We look also for the extremes of his life to be marked with the indications of his character; that a murderous disposition will be discovered in the features of his youth, that guilt and shame will be the companions of his countenance in age, and despair and anguish the attendants of his death.

As no general rule is without exception, so no general description of the *Murderer* will apply in all cases. The life of *Daniel Davis Farmer*, when taken in connection with the following particulars of his more private character during the melancholly season of his imprisonment, forms a striking instance of exception.

On his first entrance within the gloomy walls of the Prison, he discovered nothing in his manners or behavior which could go to fix the suspicion of guilt that had fallen upon his character, but rather the reverse; his countenance was calm and serene, and hope appeared to be the companion of his feelings. He neither sought for associates in his particular apartment of the prison, nor expressed a dislike to them when offered. He was civil and peaceable towards them, and avoiding the extremes of familiarity or reserve, he seemed to enjoy their society as a faithful host would his guests, he received them as strangers, and treated them as friends; and whether receiving associates or deprived of them, he was always the same, neither elated by the one, or depressed by the other. His general deportment was a sedateness of countenance, a look a little downward like one in contemplation of the past, with an eye rather fixed, and when attentive to conversation or contemplating, he had a habit of bending forward or gently waving his body. His speech was mild, and he had a graceful modesty in his address, so that a certain Clergyman, on making him a visit, observed that he expected to have found the prisoner possessed of the most vicious and savage appearance, instead of which he found a placid countenance and a modest and engaging behavior.

He was always submissive to all requirements from the Gaoler and

his family, and grateful for all favors; and was never known to make any attempt, or discover any disposition to escape from his confinement. He was temperate in drink, almost avoiding ardent spirit altogether, civil in speech and behavior, a stranger to light and trifling conversation, and a profane expression was seldom known to fall from his lips. He spent much time in reading, and made the Bible his principal book. He conversed but little, asked but few questions, but when questioned, was generally ready for an answer, and usually gave his answers with a firmness and moderation which bespoke them to be the result of reflection and the offspring of an independent and contemplative mind. His words were few and well chosen, they bore the stamp of candor, and appeared to be the expressions of his feelings.—In observation his remarks were pertinent, and frequently shewed a depth of natural good sense, and a degree of understanding far beyond his acquirements by education. He was scarcely known to laugh, but usually wore a gentle smile on his countenance when he spoke, and but seldom to weep; but with a grief, for any cause, had beaten down the barriers of self command, it became overwhelming and like a torrent breaking over its bounds, bear down all before it, and for a while seemed to take possession of the whole man. With much satisfaction he received many visits from his companion, and from his connections and friends, who, generally speaking, were respectable, all of whom lamented his situation. He was attentive to religious conversation, especially towards the close of his confinement, and received the numerous visits of the Clergy and others of various denominations with complacency. He observed a friendly neutrality with all, and stood at a respectful distance from avowedly adopting the peculiarities of any.—He declared that he rested his hopes of salvation upon the mercies of God, through the merits of CHRIST—that he had no merits of his own—that he had nothing but sin to offer—that he firmly believed that he that asked for mercy would find it—that he felt willing, and did give up all to the LORD JESUS CHRIST—and that he committed his soul into the hands of a merciful God, that was all that he could do.

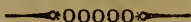
Altho' he never denied that he had been the occasion of the death of widow Ayer, yet he constantly declared that he was innocent of the cause which lead to it. For sometime after receiving the sentence of death he manifested some dissatisfaction, and sometimes mentioned the hardness of his fate, and that he never had an idea that death would be his sentence 'til he heard it pronounced by the Judge. About twenty days previous to his execution he appeared much unreconciled to the manner of his death. The disgrace which it would bring upon his family and friends, was too horrible for his feelings and sometimes intimated that he would not submit to it, and for a few days seemed to be almost in a state of desparation; during which time (as he afterwards stated) he made three attempts to destroy his own life, by bleeding, by poison, and by hanging; the last of which was on Christmas-eve, that towards moring, recovering from a state of insensibility, he found himself fallen upon the floor of his prison by the slipping of the knot in the handkerchief in which he recollected to have suspended himself—that he was then convinced that it was not in his power to destroy his own life. The turbulence of his mind subsided, and the current of his feelings now became smooth.\* From that period he ever appeared to be per-

\* See his lette to his Sister, (Mrs. Merrill,) dated Dec, 27, 1821.



fectly reconciled to his fate and spoke and conversed about his death with the same composure that he did of any other subject; saying that death was no terror to him. He was asked by one to whom he had been expressing his confidence, whether he thought he should hold out firm to the end, he asked him if he expected to be present at his execution; and being answered in the affirmative, he replied, "you will see whether *I* do or not." He continued to express great confidence, observing that his body was nothing, that men might do with it as they please; but that his soul was beyond their reach—that he trusted in God, and believed that he was able and would bear him through.—On the Sabbath evening before his execution, he was visited by the Rev. Mr. LORD, with about twenty of the neighboring citizens. They found him sedate; he conversed freely and observed that he had spent the last Sabbath that he ever expected to enjoy in this world.

The night before his execution, he was attended by the Rev. Mr. LORD, and one of the Jurors that sat on his trial. He appeared very calm, and would often ask what it was that made him so composed. During the night, in the latter part of it, he slept as soundly as any laboring man, and slept until he was awaked by his attendants. In the morning he kneeled down in presence of another Clergyman, and offered up his morning devotion, in an audible voice. He still continued to possess great calmness and composure of mind, and wrote two letters that morning, one to his wife, and the other to his sister. When called upon to prepare for his execution, he was sitting by his fire—and received the information with the same calmness he had manifested before. He requested his brothers to attend his execution, and gave them the charge of his few articles of clothing and books, observing that he had picked up what belonged to him and put them in a certain place; and with the same composure received the preparations for his execution. On leaving the prison he inquired for the wife of the Gaoler, and taking her by the hand and with a gentle smile and with the most pleasant countenance, told her that he was going to leave her, thanked her for all favors, and bade her "Farewell."



### THE EXECUTION.

The Execution of Daniel Davis Farmer, took place in Amherst, a little south of the common on Thursday, January 3, 1822. The following was the order of proceeding from the Gaol to the place of execution.

- 1st, In front 4 deputy sheriffs on horseback.
- 2d, The Hon. Benjamin Pierce, sheriff of the county.
- 3d, The Prisoner, accompanied by Revs. Messrs Lord and Cheever with 2 deputies, one on each side of the prisoner, in a double sleigh,
- 4th, The coffin on a sleigh bottom, drawn by one horse.
- 5th, The mourners———6th, The clergy attending.
- 7th Four deputies on horseback on the flanks of the prisoner.
- 8th, In the rear 4 deputies on horseback.

About 2 o'clock, P M arrived at the place of execution. On the way the Prisoner observed a perfect calmness; and when he came within the yard enclosing the gallows he observed, *I never wish to go out of this place until I am carried out in my Coffin.* He then ascended the platform with firmness and composure. The death warrant was then read to him by the sheriff, which he heard without being discomposed

—his countenance was calm but solemn. After which the sheriff thus addressed the Prisoner,—"By the law pronounced to you, a small space and the curtain drops—and may God with his infinite mercy, bestow on you faith and grace—pardon your crime—forgive all your sins, and receive your soul." The sheriff then addressed the multitude as follows,—"Fellow Citizens, Spectators—I entreat of you to give the most solemn attention and profound silence while the Rev Mr LORD addresses the throne of Grace in prayer, for this unfortunate man.

A very fervent & affecting prayer was then addressed to the throne of grace, by Rev Mr. Lord—The Prisoner knelt and bowed his head into the chair over which prayer was offered, and appeared to mingle his own devotion with the prayer of the clergyman. During which the most solemn silence pervaded the vast multitude assembled to witness the solemn scene.

The Prisoner then ascended the scaffold, the fatal rope was placed round his neck, and cap drawn over his face. He now appeared to have perfect command of himself, and said,—*Fellow mortals, see what sin has brought me to.* The sheriff touching him to move him more to the centre; he asked, "Do you wish me to alter my position, General? Being answered that he thought it would be for his benefit, he replied, "I thank you sir," and took the position required. He stood a short time waving his body, and frequently moving his hand to his breast, and appeared to be engaged in earnest prayer for his soul, and closed in a very firm and audible voice, *Lord Jesus into thy hands I commend my spirit—FAREWELL.* Dropped the handkerchief, and was launched into eternity. He hung about twenty minutes, when he was pronounced to be dead by Drs. SPALDING and MANNING. The body was then let down into the coffin and guarded back to the prison, when the sheriff delivered it over to the friends of the deceased. It was then conveyed to Manchester, and there interred on the Saturday following, when a sermon was delivered before a large concourse of people by the Rev. Mr. Page, from Psalms xciii, 1. *The Lord reigneth.*





